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THE
REMEDY
OF
LOVE,
IN
Imitation of OVID.
A
POEM.

By Mr. THO. UVEDALE.

*Utile propositum est Sævā extinguere flammās
Nec Servum vitiis pectus habere tuum:
Ovid De Rem. Amor.*

L O N D O N,

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8-11

REMEMBER

OF

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IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY

TO

OF THE

T O
MY WORTHY

And much esteem'd

FRIEND *Mr. R. C--n.*

S I R,

TWas a Custom amongst the Ro-
mans, to dedicate the first Fruits
of the Earth to their Gods, from whose
bounty they receiv'd them; in Imita-
tion of their Method, I here humbly
offer you this Poem, my *first Essay* in
Print, as a grateful tribute due to all
your Signal, and unexampl'd Favours,
which have made such lively and last-
ing impressions on my remembrance,
that nothing but Death, the Effacer of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

all our Ideas, is able to blot them thence. I have a long time waited for a handsom opportunity, of publishing to the *World*, my high Estimation of your generous Friendship, which was so wonderful serviceable to me amidst the severe distress of frowning Fortune, and tho' this is not so shining an occasion of doing it, as I could wish, yet since it is the first that offers, I earnestly embrace it rather than by deferring it longer, be thought guilty of Ingratitude. How poor a return on my part, this just Debt of a verbal acknowledgment, is, I am sensible; but since you are certain 'tis all I am capable of performing at present, and that a well-meaning intention ought to be the Standard of all our Actions, I am perswaded your innate candour will accept this, as a Testimony of my sincere respect and value for your Person; and as it was kindly design'd by me, so you will take it. You see, Sir, how dangerous the acquaintance of a *Scribbler* is, and what an inconvenience
it

The Epistle Dedicatory.

it has brought upon you, for no sooner can his *Muse* produce any thing for the Press, but strait he finds some Colourable pretence to palm a Dedication upon his best Friends; and like a young conceited Lover, cannot content himself with the Secret possession of Favours, but must Proclaim them aloud, Had I trod in the servile steps of modern Writers, I should in fulsome *Panegyricks* have address'd my self to some *Celebrated critick* or *over-grown Favourite*, whose formidable Name in the front like the Royal Image on the basest metals might have made this worthless Poem Currant, but setting a higher value on your Friendship, that on the nauseous Flattery of unmeriting greatness, I Esteem the short inscription of your Name more ornamental then a long strain of accumulated Titles at the Top; and as I wrote this, neither for Bread, nor Fame, but only to divert a few Solitary hours, (so consequently not desirous to be thought a *Poet*) I
shall

The Epistle Dedicatory.

shall neither be pleas'd or concern'd at its good or bad reception in the World, not that the name of a *Poet*, is so scandalous as some mistaken People Imagine it to be, but I am sensible of my want of merit to deserve so Noble a title, and therefore lay no claim to it; for whatever mean opinion we may entertain of *Poetry* now-a-days, by Esteeming the performers in that Art little better than *Country Fiddlers*, yet in an Age when perhaps as much *Wit* and *Sense* was stirring as in ours, a *Poet* was distinguished from the *Common Herd* of Mankind, by this Sublime Character.

--- *Cui mens divinior atque os*

Magna locuturum ---

If we but look into the Records of antiquity, we shall find, that those who made the most considerable figure there, were not only indulgent *Patrons* but *Studious professors* of this exalted Faculty

The Epistle Dedicatory.

culty; and during the mighty Grandeur of Greece and Rome, Poets were styl'd *Makers* by the former, and *Prophets* by the latter, as a mark of Eminency and Honour. How low a price they bear with us, and how little we Esteem them, the slender incouragement their performances meet with, Sufficiently demonstrates, but to assert their injur'd Cause is neither my design or concern, what Entertainment this trifle may find at your hands, Sir, is only worth my care, and if you vouchsafe it as kind a welcome as you have often the Writer, then that *Enthusiastick* Saying of *Horace* to *Mæcenas*

Sublimi feriam sydera vertice
May be apply'd to Sir,

Your most Humble

and most oblig'd Servant

THOMAS UVEDALE.

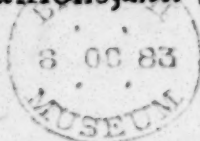
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T H E

PREFACE.

TIs not a modish affectation of Writing a Preface, but an absolute necessity, that makes me trouble the Reader with one : As soon as the title of this Poem is Read, it will undoubtedly be Imagin'd by some, a bare translation of Ovid's De Remedio Amoris; but if they will give themselves the trouble of comparing it, they will soon be convinc'd of their errour, for I have added, Omitted, and alter'd so much through the whole Poem, that in justice to that Celebrated Roman, it ought not to be call'd his, but mine; yet being highly Oblig'd to Ovid for a kind hint, I have ventur'd to call it by the Name of Imitation; but whether it merits that Glorious Character, and how far the performance has answer'd my design, I leave to the determination of the judicious. Amongst all the Latine Poets, Ovid was certainly the nicest observer of Nature in all his lively and pathetick Writings, he was perfectly skill'd in that admirable Art of Raising the Passions, and knew so well the

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The Preface.

Secret Springs and motions of the Soul, that 'tis impossible to read him without Elevation and Transport of mind, and whoever pretends to imitate him in our Language, must be content with following him, as Ascanius did Æneas,

. — non passibus æquis.

So much for Ovid and his Writings; to say any more on that Subject, after that ingenious Preface written by Mr. Dryden, before the translated Epistles, would argue my Vanity rather than Discretion; and since so difficult a task as making peace with the fair Sex, lies upon my hands, who a Million to one, will fancy their grand prerogative Beauty, invaded by my insolent attempt; 'tis more prudence to employ all my little Stock of Rhetorick in managing that important affair.

Bless me! What a rash, inconsiderate, action have I undertaken in Writing against Love, and its inspirer, Beauty, not much unlike that unskilful Fellow's, who by Reading in Dr. Faustus's Books, conjur'd up in an instant, more spirits, than he could presently lay: For by this Poem perhaps I may create my self more Enemy's of the Fair Sex than I may be able to appease all the days of my Life: Even now, me-thinks, I perceive whole Troops of Amazons and She-dragoons, no less valliant than Joan of Arc, or the mighty Trulla in Hudibras, drawn up in Battalia against me, resolving to revenge the affront I have offerd to
their

The Preface.

their tenderest part, their Beauty ; but if I am to be Conquer'd no more by their Force, than by their Pretty Faces, I may safely depend on Success, and boldly resolve

Ante Victoriā canere Triumphum

Not that I am insensible of the power of Beauty, or under-value its perfections, as plainly appears by my Panegyrical digression in the verses on that Subject, tho' at the same time, I cannot help declaring, that Beauty singly consider'd, according to my Simple Judgment, does not deserve that universal Elogy and Veneration, that its profess'd adorers daily give and pay it ; possibly it may, like the appearance of a gay meteor, please and entertain the Eyes for a while, without making any Impression on the Heart, but when 'tis adorn'd with Vertue and a generous Candour of Mind, then the Charm is irresistible, and reason submits it self willingly to be led in Triumph to grace the Conquest, when 'tis attended by Pride, Ill-nature, Affectation, and no manners, it loses all pretensions to Conquest, and ought rather to be the Object of our contempt, than admiration, for rendering the owners more Remarkably ridiculous, as fine Cloaths do Persons of a clumisie, ungenteel shape ; and whenever we meet with a Lady that sets too high a value on her external perfections, in pity of her folly, we should not strengthen her vain imagination by flattering Compliments, lest the

The Preface.

the intoxicating sounds distract her Brain, and make her a fit inhabitant for Bedlam, where she may practise her haughty Airs at leisure. Least the World should Esteem me a Woman-hater from what has hitherto been said, I here Solemnly declare my self an admirer of the Sex, and could I luckily find a Woman, Fair, Vertuous, and weak enough to admit of my addresses, I should quickly turn as arrant a Lover as ever pursued his Mistress with Sighs, Sonnet, and Flattery; but till that Latter-Lammas comes, and despairing of ever obtaining any favours from the Ladies, I resolve to keep so strict a guard upon my Heart, that it shall not be in the Power of every fine Atlas, and a New suit of Knots to Torture it, and give me daily a fresh disquiet.

Tbo' the Reflections on the Fair sex, may, upon a transient view, seem to be a little harsh and ungenerous to some nice sparks, yet when 'tis consider'd that they are general, and so consequently design'd for no Body, they will easily be excused and cease to give offence to any; but if some Females, who under the specious vizard of Hipocrisy have palm'd upon the World a fair reputation, should find a lively resemblance of their own Features in my Characters, let me advise them to stifle their resentments, lest a discovery of their Anger, makes another of their secret practices, for the Old English Proverb informs us, who tis that winces when touch'd. How many Ladies are there now

The Preface.

a-days, who by an aukard shyness in Conversation and a squeamish refusal of a glass of Wine, would fain set up, forsooth, for the pink of modesty and sobriety? tho' in private nothing less then bare-fac'd Smut, and double-still'd Brandy will serve their turn; Ladies of such Complexions, may probably be offended at some of my lines, upon the same account, that Celebrated Beautys are angry with their Glass after the Small-pox, for showing them the true Picture of Ugliness; but it shall not disturb me much, for I value their Anger as little as I would their Acquaintance: No, tis the truly-vertuous part of Womankind, that I would study to please, who by an innocent freedom, and an unaffected behaviour in company, leave no room for suspicion of their exceeding the bounds of moderation and decency even in their most private retirements, and who surely cannot be displeas'd at my exposing the secret vices of successful Hipocrites, which give an additional luster to their native worth, and are to their fame, what foils are to Diamonds and Shades to Pictures: 'Tis to them that I here make my humble Apology, for these three ungenerous lines, which without any manner of distinction fall foul upon the whole Sex at once,

Mistaken wretch! all Women are the same,
Equally prone to all that blackens Fame,
Tho' some have more discretion to conceal
(their Shame.)

'Twas

The Preface.

'Twas a thought that naturally arose from the Subject in hand, and as such could not well be omitted, tho' at the same time I beg them to believe, that I have a higher respect for their persons, and a far nobler Opinion of their vertue, than may reasonably be drawn from those verses; tho' the ingenious Mr. Cowley well observes, that we ought not always to make a judgment of the manners and inclinations of a writer from his Poems, for such Compositions give him the liberty of saying many things quite different from the real sentiments of his mind.

History indeed would as well have furnish'd me with a set of Women as remarkable for their Goodness, as Clytemnestra, Messalina, and Tullia are for their Crimes, nay without searching so far after them, our own Nation would have afforded me many Examples, that not only equal but far surpass, the most Illustrious Heroines of ancient Greece and Rome; but alas! that was wide of my purpose, my business was not to brighten the Character of Womankind, or make it shine out in its Meridian Splendour, but rather by darkning its native Beams, represent it under the disadvantageous circumstances of blackness and deformity; and since an intire aversion for the whole Sex, was to be the chief Ingredient in the bitter potion prescrib'd to the unfortunate Lover, I thought, if possible, to make him believe that all
Wo.

The Preface.

Women were of a piece, would be the best method of perswading him to use it.

Some spiteful Females will be apt, no doubt, to conclude that I have met with severe usage from one of their Sex; but I assure them to the contrary, for as I never had a Title or an Estate big enough to pretend to any of their favours, so I never put it in their power to use me either well or ill; and therefore to solve that piece of vanity which I may seem guilty of, in bragging of favours Received from Panthea, in the Apology to Cupid, be pleased to know, that the Lady being a Creature of my own formation, and having no other Existence, but what my fancy gave her, I thought, without any offence or injury to her Reputation, I might treat her as I pleased.

And now, because all persons that are Poetically given, must have either a real, or an imaginary Mistress, from whom they pretend to derive their Inspiration, in Compliance to Custom, I have chosen one of the latter stamp, as being less expensive, and easier to be pleas'd, on whom I have impos'd the name of Pastora, and at whose Shrine I have offer'd up the usual Sacrifice of Verse, fill'd with Darts and Flames and Wounds, and such Romantic jargon, yet all this but in a fiction, in a Dream of passion, as Shakespear says of the Player in Hamlet.

Whi-

The Preface.

Whither this Book will be acceptable to the Fair, because it endeavours to disarm them of their strongest weapon by which they Subdue Mankind, is very dubious, but sure to a Languishing Lover, who has Courted an imperious Mistress in vain, it will not be altogether an unacceptable Present, unless he is fond of unmanly servitude, and, like the infatuated Heathens of old, Proud of Worshiping an Idol of his own making.

Daily experience shows us, without consulting Father Malebranch, how miserably we are deluded by our senses, Passions, and Imaginations, which form Beautiful Ideas of distant Objects, that when approach'd look Frightful or Ridiculous: For example, what heart-breaking Figures do some Ladies make in the Front-Box by Candle light, who would work as effectually upon our Stomachs as a dose of Crocus Metallorum, could we view them in their Bed-chamber, with their Faces neatly Garnish'd out with Lip-salve, Fore-head-cloath, and Pomatum.

Nor are we less impos'd upon by our senses and Imaginations, in the Judgment we often make of the other Charm belonging to Womankind, I mean their Wit, which seldom has any real Foundation, and generally is only Glaring and Superficial. For what is term'd Wit in a Woman (some few shining exceptions abated) consists in

The Preface.

nothing but a set of Modish Phrases, a good Memory, and a better assurance, join'd to a certain Musical tone of Voice, with which they entertain the Ear, and by those Talents pass with Strangers for Creatures of a shrew'd understanding. Indeed some of them will Prattle very Prettily for about half an hour, or so, till they have run over their common place of fine Words, but then they grow either dull or insipid, and their Clock-work Wit must be wound up, to run down a-fresh on the next Company where they design to set it a-going. Not long since being at a Play with an acquaintance of mine we were both so Furiously attack'd by a Female-wit, with such a hail of nice Words, that we doubted at first whether we had best stand our ground or fly; common discourse was beneath her, nothing less than a severe Criticism on Seneca, Suetonius and Monsieur St. Evremont's Essays, would serve her turn; But after Madam had spent her little Magazine of fine expressions, in Mauling those Famous Authors, she had not a Word to say for her self, so was oblig'd to make a pretended Observation of a wretched Comedy the excuse of her forced Silence; upon which Sir Charles Cotton's burlesque description of Æolus came fresh into my mind, as giving the just Character of Female Wits,

He let once his general Muster,
Of all that e're could Blow and Bluster.
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel.
Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.

To

The Preface.

To discover the Cheat that Beauty puts upon the Town, is the principal design of this Poem, by letting its profess'd admirers see, that 'tis to the Manto-maker and the Milliner, all their restless days and Sighing Nights are owing; but the generality of Mankind are so enamour'd of this Dazling Phantom, that an attempt to undeceive them, will perhaps be unwellcome, and like the Athenian Lunatic, who fancied all the Ships in the Harbour his own, they will be angry with any body that endeavours to cure them of so agreeable an illusion; but when once Men are arriv'd to that pass, there's no more to be done to them, but they must be let alone, till a pungent sence of their own folly awaken them into a better understanding.

E R R A T A.

PAge 6 line 1 for Monarach read Monarch l. 14 r. f. blest'd r. blest p. 7 l. 12. f. Tapper r. Taper p. 12 l. 4. f. Fraibles r. troubles p. 15. l. 8. f. beautious r. beauteous l. 14 beautuous r. beauteous p. 17. l. 1. f. favours r. favour'd l. 9. f. trensendant r. transcendent p. 25 l. 7. f. jce r. Ice p. 27 l. 11 f. in r. it p. 59 l. 13 f. Scoulding r. scolding p. 63. l. 9. f. amufments r. amusements p. 67 l. 15 f. already's r. already p. 72 l. 6. f. ear r. care l. 14 f. bashfull r. bashfully l. 15. f. desembling r. dissembling p. 74 l. 15. f. there r. their p. 75 l. 3. f. two r. too p. 83 l. 7. f. Oxe condem'd r. Ox condemn'd p. 93 l. 14 f. Cruseis r. Cruseis p. 95 l. 6 f. sawces r. sauces.

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
AND TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
HOUSE OF LORDS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY
PRESENTS
THE
ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE
NAVY
FOR THE YEAR
1883



THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
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T H E
Remedy of Love:
A
P O E M.

REjoyce fucceſſeſs Youths, and Love-ſick
(Swains,
Who long have worn imperious Beauty's Chains;
And you who juſt begin, in Tears, to Mourn
The haughty wiles of ſome Bright Charmer's Scorn.
For now the ſmiling hour of Peace appears,
To Calm your ſighs, and ſtop your Flowing Tears:
The Warring Tumults of your minds ſhall ceaſe,
And every anxious thought be lull'd to eaſe:

By

2 *The Remedy of Love.*

By rules unerring, from soft *Ovid* brought
To cure a Bleeding Soul, you shall be Taught.
Ovid, whose Muse like the *Pelean* Dart,
Could heal as well as wound a Love Sick-heart.
Ovid, whose numbers with Harmonious Sound
Ne'r fail'd the hardest *Roman* heart to wound, }
Its melting Power Bright *Julia* often found. }
Clasp'd in his Arms the Royal Charmer lay,
Whilst Rapturous Love crown'd every rousing day.
Observe these rules with care, your Souls may be,
From the vile Bands of galling Passion free.
No more with Trembling, shall you view the Fair,
But let her pass with a regardless Air.
No more shall Beauty, with disdainful pride,
O're Conquer'd hearts in wanton Triumph ride.
Long has the Lovely Tyrant fiercely reign'd,
And o're our Wills despotick power maintain'd.

Its

The Remedy of Love.

3

Its Empire's fal'n, and its Tremendous fway,
Shall date its ruin from this Prosperous day.
As when of old, a Maid by Magick power,
Lay close conceal'd in some enchanted Tower;
Some Knight arose, with far Superior Arms,
To free the Virgin from those hellish Charms.
So I, th' Assertor of our Native right,
Arm'd with the Forces of Poetic might,
Boldly resolve to attack those subtle Arts,
Which Beauty uses in subduing Hearts.
Nor will I stop till I have broke the Chains,
That hold our freedom in Fantaſtick pains,
And stamp upon our Fame Eternal stains.

B 2

The

The Poet's Ambition.

L Et Studious *H--nes*, with haughty *R--liff* join'd,
Employ their Studies to relieve Mankind.

How to repell the Murd'ring train of ills,

Which Sickly Nature in succession feels.

Let *C---tch* toil Rheumatick pains to ease,

And *T--on* how to calm the Brain's disease,

Let *B---ard* act the Skilful Surgeon's part,

And *C--lain* learned in *Lucina's* Art,

Ease lab'ring Dames when Pangs surround the
(Heart.

To me alone belongs the wond'rous cure,

Of fatal Love, which Brittish Swains endure.

I, Love's Phyfitian, to the Youths impart

The Sovereign Balm to heal a wounded Heart.

If certain cure shall from my Numbers flow,

Whil'st all their Herbs and Drugs but useleſs grow;
Far

The Remedy of Love.

5

Far above theirs my rising Fame shall Spread,
Bright wreaths of Lawrel shall adorn my head,
And Lovers yet unborn, shall Bless my Name
(when dead. }

If Prosperous Fortune Crowns my bold design,
Then my Ambition in the height will shine.

O Sacred *Phæbus* ! to whose Heavenly care,
Phyick, and Poetry, devoted are,
Since in both Arts thou Claim'st an equal share. }

Assist the flight of my aspiring Muse,
And thoughts Sublime into my Soul infuse.

Whilst to the Groves in numbers I impart,
The Poet's Talent with *Machaon's* Art.

And grant these Lines, warm'd by thy rays may
(prove,

The certain Remedy of disastrous Love.

An

6 *The Remedy of Love.*

An Apology to Cupid.

BUt see! methinks Loves awful Monarch stands
Grasping Revengeful Weapons in his hands.
His Lovely Face assumes a Frowning look,
Reading the Title of this daring Book.
Revolted Fiend (He cries) dost thou prepare,
To Threaten *Cupid* with an open War?
Against thy Sovereign dost thou take up Arms?
Striving to lessen his all-conquering Charms.
Did I for this inspire thy Soul to write?
And on my wings sustain'd thy Muse's flight.
Did I for this *Panthea's* Bosom warm?
Giving thee Power alone the Nymph to Charm;
The Blooming Maid to thy Embraces came,
And Blest'd thy Passion with her Virgin flame:

Am

The Remedy of Love.

7

Am I by thee rewarded thus at last,
Ungreatful wretch ! for all my Favours past.
Ah! do not rashly blame your Loyal Muse,
Nor of such horrid Crimes your Slave accuse ;
Who oft beneath thy harmless Banner fought,
And in Love's Warfare, Glorious dangers fought,
Believe me Boy, I am not impious Grown,
Still with respect thy Sovereign Power I own,
Nor with Rebellious Arms attempt thy Throne.
Others by starts, feed the Bright Flame of Love,
I always to those Fires indulgent prove.
Even now thy Tapper in my Bosom Burns,
Like *Roman* Lamps wrapt in their sacred Urns.
I hourly wish th' advancement of thy Name,
Pleas'd with the Glories of thy spreading Fame.
By my soft Art the Beaus were taught to Charm
Obdurate Hearts, and fearful, Maids to warm.

Nor

8 *The Remedy of Love.*

Nor does my Muse Condemn that wond'rous Art }

But still is proud to view a Vanquisht heart, }

Nor will I e're refuse to take thy part.

If any Lover o're the Fair prevails, }

Before the Wind strait let him spread the Sails, }

And Steer the happy Course with prosp'rous
(Gales. }

But if a Youth, fond of some scornful Maid,

To raging madness, or despair betray'd.

Attempts with Steel, or Poysonous draughts to
(close, }

The Mournful scene of his Tormenting woes, }

By my advice he may those thoughts oppose.

Why should a Lover, 'cause the Nymph will frown,

Turn fool, and hang himself, or drown ?

Cupid thou'rt young, pleas'd with the charms of rest

And wanton Dalliance suits thy genius best.

Let frowning *Mars*, in Crimson Slaughter reign,

And Bloody Conquests raise on heaps of Slain ;

Whilst

The Remedy of Love. 9

Whilst through the verdant Groves, and flow'ry
(Meads

Thy lovely Arm much softer Triumph spreads.

With Studious care consult thy Mothers Arts,

And let thy Province be to melt down Hearts:

Make Amorous youths, with raging Passion
(Burn,

And Timerous Virgins mutual Flames return ;

Beneath the Gloomy shade of Friendly night,

Let Lovers steal to reap the soft delight,

Whilst Serenading Sparks the Doors assail

With Gentle knocks, and when excluded rail.

Perhaps too at the Gate the Lover weeps,

And in dumb show consummate Sorrow keeps.

Let down-cast looks, and Streaming Tears suffice,

Nor covet ought beyond incessant sighs,

For Death alas, is too severe a Prize.

C

LOVE.

L O V E.

Love's the curst *Ignis Fatuus* of the mind,
 And only for the Plague of life design'd;
 Whose wand'ring fires, like those false lights that
 (stray
 Or'e Marshy Soils, make Mankind loose their way.
 With Tempting sounds it lulls our Souls along,
 Like fatal Musick of a *Syrens* Song;
 Feeds us with Flatt'ring hopes, and leads us on,
 Till, when too late, we find our selves undone.
 At first it paints a Prospect, wond'rous Bright,
 But when approacht, the distant gaudy light
 Looses its shining, and converts to night.
 So, when in Sleep, some Beauteous form does rise,
 To Charm with smiling looks our Slumb'ring Eyes.
 We strive to grasp the Image pictur'd there,
 But only fill our Arms with empty Air,

Love

The Remedy of Love.

II

Love is a pleasing frensie, mixt with pain,
Leaving Fantastick traces on the Brain.
The bane of all that bears the Name of Brave,
And turns the Warrior to a whining Slave.
It damps the ardour of his generous Breast,
Softning the fierceness of his mind to rest.
Forgetful of his Fame, and God-like Toils,
It melts the Hero down to wanton Smiles.
The Martial Fires that warm'd his active Soul
Grow Languid, and with Feeble motions roul.
What mighty ills have not been done by Love?
And oh ! how often does it Fatal prove ?
The Battle lost by *Antony* can tell,
How in its cause that Glorious leader fell ;
Rome's dreadful Foe, who forc'd his way to Fame
Through solid Rocks, is witness of the same.
Drunk with its Poyson, he at *Capua* lay,
And for a Toy, gave Victory away.

Fame, Empire, Honour, Piety, and all
 That wretched Mortals valuable call,
 Before this puny Monarch humbly fall.

Nor are the Fraibles of the Charming Fair,
 Occasion'd by this Passion, less severe.

What Cruel murders from this Fountain flow,
 Numerous as the Stars examples show ;

Phillis had Triumph'd o're *Demophoon's* scorn,
 Nor would her Neck the fatal Cord have worn.
 Had not her Soul been by this Fury torn.

This forc'd *Medea*, in a Frantic mood,
 To Stain her hands in her own Brother's Blood.

'Twas Love compel'd the *Carthaginian* Dame,
 To wound with pointed Steel, her Beauteous
 (Frame

When the false *Trojan* left her, in pursuit of Fame.

Bright *Philomela's* honour had remain'd

Untoucht by *Tereus*, and her Name unstain'd,

The Remedy of Love.

13

If Love, the Source from whence dire woes proceed,
Had not urg'd on the vile Polluting deed.

Phædra's incest'uous fires had ceas'd to Shine,
And *Helen*, tho' adorn'd with Charms Divine.

Of Stately *Troy*, had not the ruin been,
Had Love not drawn Adulterous scenes of Sin.

And impious *Seylla*, that Degenerate Maid,
Basely for that, her Father's Realms betray'd.

Why should I search Records of Ancient days?

Since I from Modern, can examples raise,

How far this vile Contagious Venom Spreads,

And if not stopt how ruin still succeeds,

Witness poor *D--on's* Fame that hourly Bleeds.

Who from the shining Sphere of Honour fell,

Through Love's excess, which made the Fair rebel.

What could provoke her to o're shade her Name,

With Blackning veils of everlasting shame?

Fly

14 *The Remedy of Love.*

Fly the soft circle of a Husband's Arms,
To prostitute, for Bread her Youthful Charms ?
Nought but the restless Fires of wand'ring Love,
Whose Spirits delight from heart, to heart, to Rove.
Let every Swain guard well his tender Breast,
From the approach of this invadeing Guest ;
Least should it enter, he too late may find,
Love proudly Lording o're the Vanquish'd mind.
Oh ! tis an action worthy Praise to tame
Th' unbounded Rage of a devouring Flame.
When e're a Passion Swells to such excess,
He deserves thanks that makes that Passion less.

Beauty.

B E A U T Y.

THe cause remov'd, the vile disease will cease,
And all the jarring seeds be hush'd to Peace.
Then let's inquire whence Springs this amorous pain,
That cramps our Reason, and distracts our Brain.
Divine *Lucretius*, who in Numbers taught,
How powerful Nature all her wonders wrought;
Sung, how the Sparkling Flames of Love will roul,
From beautiful Eyes to Scorch the gazing Soul.
Beauty's the raiser of each fond desire,
Love Borrows thence its animating Fire.
Beauty! the Curse of Life, and Scourge of Man
Since the first Moment that his hours began;
Obeying this, he lost his claim to Heaven,
And from more Beautiful Paradise was driven.

Oh!

16 *The Remedy of Love.*

Oh ! that a Creature, form'd alone to wear
The Heavenly Image, and its likeness bear;
Should fondly Doat upon a Baby-face,
And fix his Reason to that painted Space.
Whose Brightest Glories must resign their light,
To the Surrounding Shades of Gloomy Night.
Behold a Rose, sprung from its Fragrant bed,
With Morning Dew, around the Blushing-head.
How wondrous gay the Blooming Leaves appear,
Like the Bright Season of the Chearfull Year.
But if the Glowing Planet of the day,
With Burning Lips, Kisses its Sweets away ;
A Whither'd Paleness will the Flower invade,
And on the Stalk, its Crimson Glories fade ;
Even so the Graces of a Lovely form,
Whose Fair Attractions now perhaps may Charm,
May feel the Roughness of an early Doom,
And cease their Shining in their vernal Bloom.

But

The Remedy of Love. 17

But if by Chance their Favours looks should bee,
From the destroying hand of Sickneſs free ;
Devouring time haſts on, with envious pace,
To Spoil the Luſtre of each boated Grace,
And all the marks of Beauty to efface.

So *H—rd L—ng*, and *H—de* whom heretofore,
The gazing Town did with wild zeal adore;
With Tarniſh'd Glory now begin to ſhine,
And from their once Trenzendent height decline.
Their Eyes can ſcarce a Glimm'ring Paſſion raiſe,
Which at firſt ſight, could Kill in former days.
Who then would Build their Love on ſuch weak
(ground ?

Whoſe very Bottom is at beſt unſound.

Or fix the height of his exalted Blifs,

On ſuch a vain, Fantaſtick whim, as this.

Well did the Poets feign *Meduſa's* form,

To 've Struck beholders with a ſtupid Charm.

18 *The Remedy of Love.*

Stupid, or senseless sure they should be thought,
 That are with Beauty's tinsel'd Visage caught,
 Whose Fair Perfections are by Fancy wrought
 Its Murd'ring power alone in Fancy lies,
 Let That but Languish, and its Glory dies :
 In vain we rail, since Beauty will maintain,
 By Some, tho' Nameless power, its Magic reign,
 And Spite of all that we can do, or say,
 Will make the Stubborn'st heart its Laws obey.
 Even o're the First of Men its Force prevail'd,
 And ever since its Power has never fail'd
 To Conquer and subdue the haughtiest Soul,
 And with Tyrannic sway, the Mind controul.
 Tho' in the space of Earth and Air, we view
 Eternal Beauty's which our looks pursue,
 Yet no where does the scene so bright appear,
 As in a Woman's Face, Divinely fair,
 Where all the scatter'd rays of Light united are.

There

The Remedy of Love.

19

There in full Majesty the Charmer rouls,
And darts pernicious Fires upon our Souls:
This subtle Spark fir'd young *Leander's* Blood,
Making him boldly stem the rapid Floud.

Tho' Gloomy horror veil'd the Stormy night,
From *Hero's* Face there shone a streaming light.

Not Boisterous Winds, nor the Wave's Bellow-
(ing roar

Could stop his passage to the *Sestian* Shore,
'Twas Beauty call'd the daring Lover'ore.

When *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
In the cool shade of *Ida's* sacred Grove,
Who best deserv'd the Golden Apple, strove,
The *Cyprian* Goddess bore away the Prize,
Bribing the Judge with tales of *Helen's* Eyes.

Honour, nor Wit, could gain the Shepherd's voyce,
When Beauty claim'd the just deserving choice,
Survey the Globe, even from the dawning *East*.

To, where the Sun descends to gild the West;

The Remedy of Love.

There is no Nation but its power will own,
 In every Realm it Reigns and has a Throne.
 Search the Records of Antient worthys past,
 Whose Names till nature is no more, will last
 In each Heroic life you'll find a Scene,
 Of Glorious Beauty drawn, that smiles between
 The Frowning prospect of Tumultuous War,
 Whose Blooming looks asswag'd the Leader's care.
 All Tempers yield, and Soft'ning in those Fires.
 Which Beauty raise, melt down in kind desires ;
 The Fierce *Achilles*, dreadful in the Fight,
 Shook off his roughness at *Briseis's* Sight.
 Stern *Ajax*, from his youth inur'd to Arms,
 Was yet subdu'd by young *Tecmessa's* Charms.
Alcides too the chase of Fame forsook,
 And in his hand th' inglorious Distaff took.
 Thrice happy *Albion* is the blest retreat,
 Where Beauty Triumphs in the noblest Seat.

High

The Remedy of Love.

21

High on her Throne the Goddess sits supream,

The Lover's Idol and the Poet's Theam.

A Thousand lovely Charmers round her wait,

Whilst Matchless *Bolton* Crowns the Pompous
(State.

In whose bright Aspect and Superiour mien,

Appears the Grandeur of the *Paphian* Queen.

Next *R--mond*, *St. A—ns*, *B—ford* and *C—lisle*,

For Beauty and Shape the wonders of our *Isle*,

The Ravish'd fight with daz'ling Graces fill.

Ha! what a stream of light invades my Eyes,

And seems like that which Breaks from Morning
(Skys.

K—ke in the radiant Bloom of youth appears,

Her Face no Charms, but those of Nature, wears,

Which shine so strong, that hourly they impart

Warmth to the Brain, and Passion to the Heart,

Without the Foreign aid of wretched Art.

So

22 *The Remedy of Love.*

So in their Natural Lustre Stars look Bright,
 Whilst the Pale Moon Shines by a borrow'd Light.
 C-er the Glory of the Rugged North,
 Polish'd at Court displays her native worth.
 G—phin, H—per S—land and the rest,
 Whose Conquering powers are Varioufly exprest ;
 Dart Flames around, and like a Blazing Star,
 Shoot their Portentous Streamers from a-far,
 And seem to threaten Ruin, Death, and War. }
 He that the Tempting Snare would wisely Shun,
 Must from the sight of these gay Beautys run.
 Unnumber'd mischiefs wait on every Glance,
 Which in Succession from their Eyes advance.
 Safer you may with ruddy Light'ning Sport.
 Than Face these Nymphs that Grace the British
 (Court.

Dress

DRESS.

THE shining Trappings of a gay Attire,
Oft raise the killing power of Beauty higher,
Adding fresh ardour to Love's native Fire.

To Dress we oftner fall a Sacrifice,
Than to the Glories of Victorious Eyes.

To this and Paint *G——n* and *R——gh* owe
The Fame, which on their Charms the Beaus
(bestow.

From Art even *M——er's* killing Features flow.
The loveliest Face, undrest, but seldome Charms,
And, when adorn'd, the homeliest sometimes
(warms.

Jewels and Cloaths, combine with pompous Pride
To Captivate the sight, and every Blemish hide.

All Eyes will shine, and cast a Lustrous Light,
Where Art and Nature strive to paint them Bright
Woman

24 *The Remedy of Love.*

Woman array'd in all her Glitt'ring Art,

Is always of her self the Smallest part.

So the Stage-Queens in Tragedy look fine,

When by false Lights their Plaister'd Beautys
(shine, }

And Ornamental Cloaths, to gild their frames
(combine.

But at Rehearsal, when undrest they are,

With ruful Forms the Punks our Senses scare.

Of all the Charms that Grace the finest Dame,

The largest share, her Splendid Robes will Claim.

If you can Bribe the Treacherous waiting Maid,

To be by Stealth, into the Room convey'd,

Rummage the Chamber round, you'll surely find

Numberless objects to disgust your mind.

Here padded Stays, there the false Tower lies. }

Then Spanish-wool, and whitening Washes rise, }

With other Loathsome sights t' offend the Eyes.

Ob-

The Remedy of Love. 25

Observe the Figure that your Mistris makes,
When in the Morning first the Lady wakes ;
Mark well her Features e're she leaves her Bed,
Before the gay Commode adorns her Head,
And o're her Cheeks the bright Vermillion's spread.
The Nauseous Puffs will make your Stomach turn,
And you'll grow cold as jce, that once did Burn.
Curfing your Folly, you'll at last confess,
You doated only on a Gaudy Dress.

FEASTS.

FLy Publick Feasts, where still in Crowds repair
The Brisk, the Gay, the Witty and the Fair.
Where the full Goblet walks the Sprightly round,
And all the hours with flowing Mirth are Crown'd:
For generous Wines Foment the raging Fire,
Raising, like Oyl on Flames, the Passions higher.
D. And

26 *The Remedy of Love.*

And when the Soul's with double fury warm'd,
By Beauty's rays 'tis apter to be Charm'd.

P A R K.

HAunt not the Park, where thronging Ladies
(Swarm,

And at High noon put on their Airs to Charm,

Where B----*tin's* Shape, and D----*wood's* Features
(warm.

Where B----*ton*, D----*by*, with fair C----*rin* joyn'd

Call forth their Train of Charms to wound Man-
(kind.

So many Amorous Bargains there are Drove,

As if St. *James's* was the Exchange of Love.

Beautys of every kind there daily meet,

And with endearing words, their Lovers Greet.

But when the Night with her fair Starry Train,

Has Studded o're the vast *Ætherial* Plain.

And

The Remedy of Love. 27

And Pale-fac'd *Cynthia*, with her Silver Beams,
Darts trembling Light on *Rosamonda's* streams.
Beneath the Spreading Limes, soft joys they give,
And from each other mutual Bliss receive:
As where the Purple Plague severely Reigns,
The dire Infection in the Sky remains,
Till wholesome Gales of Wind have Purg'd the
(Plains:
So from this Air, Poyson'd with Amorous Breath,
The tainted Blood Sucks in Contagious Death.
With Lightning's Force it flies through every Part,
Nor stops till it has Seiz'd the Fainting Heart.

28 *The Remedy of Love.*

Publick Walks.

L Et not your Feet the Walks at *Grays-Inn* tread
For every Path does to Destruction lead.
Avoid *Spring-Garden*, *Lambeth*, every Place,
Where Beauty comes with a designing Face.
'There wanton Dames Spread their gay Female
(Arts.
T' ensnare the Freedom of unwary Hearts.
For when these *Sylvan* Scenes most Crowded are,
'Tis still the Burning Season of the Year.
Then the warm Blood boils high within the Veins,
Whilst Love's soft Passionateasy entrance Gains,
And o're the mind with double violence Reigns. }
The smallest Spark of Beauty then can move,
Him who is thus before disposed to Love.
So if on Touch-wood the least Fire but roul,
The kindl'd Atome will inflame the whole.

Plays.

P L A Y S.

THe Crowded Theatres will Dangerous prove,
There, in strong Union, Beauty reigns with
(Love.

Frequent them not, lest Unawares you find,
Some fatal Charmer to enslave your Mind.

Those warmer Climates can with secret Art,
Raise Vigo'rous Passion in the coldest Heart.

There wanton Cupid rules each shining Sphere.
His Powerful Influence are the well dress't Fair.

Adorn'd they sit in all their Bright Array,
Paint, Patches, Jewels, make their Forms look gay,
And from the Box flash Beams that rival Day.

Majestick Beauty in its Height appears,
And that bright Circle seems a Heaven of Stars.

Look not that way, nor cast your Eyes around,
Lest you receive from thence a Mortal wound;
But

The Remedy of Love.

But shou'd you scape unhurt from those fair Eyes,

You surely fall by Beauty in Disguise,

Love's Ambuscade, that takes you by Surprise.

Mask'd with design, they'r Planted in the Pit,

To entertain you with Satyric Wit ;

Sharp Repartees your Expectation raise,

From thence arises Love's impetuous Blaze.

Soft Musick, Glorious Scenes, and Wit conspire,

To swell the Torrent of unruly Fire.

And when the Soul on every side's beset,

Vainly we strive to make a fair Retreat.

If sprightly Comedy your Temper hits,

Then *W*____*k*'s Gallantry the mind delights,

And Mirth the friend of Love, in your gay
(Breast excites.

If Lofty Tragedy adorns the Stage,

Where Lovers sigh, and dying *Heroes* rage.

The Remedy of Love.

31

B——le, by her Action warmth inspires,
And with Transporting thoughts your Bosom Fires.
In moving Strains when *B——ry* makes her moan,
All Hearts must soften, unless form'd of Stone,
So Sweet's her Voice, so melting is her Tone.

If we behold a lovely weeping Fair,
The mournful Image of her Feign'd despair
Touches our Souls, and claims a tender Tear.

Oh! there's Infection lodg'd in weeping Eyes,
And *Cupid* from those Crystal streams will Rise.
Pity first softens, and prepares the Mind,
That Subtle Love a free access may find.

Baths

Baths and Wells.

TO the fam'd *Baths*, or *Epsom* ne're retire,
 Where Ladies warm more than the Sum-
 (mer's Fire.

Beauty's fair Light gilds those soft Min'ral Streams,
 Radiant as that which Shoots from Morning
 (Beams,

From foaming Waves tis said one *Venus* rose,

But here a Thousand their Bright looks disclose.

He that beheld *Diana* Naked, dyed

A Victim to her Cruelty and Pride.

Then gaze not on *Baths*, lest the Sight fatal prove,

And you become a Martyr'd Slave to Love.

For Beauty thence assumes new pointed Rays,

Like the Sun rising Brighter from the Seas.]


Balls.

BALLS.

AVoid such Scenes, where youthful Nymphs
(advance,
With sprightly Airs to form a graceful Dance:
Let no fond words your easie Temper wound,
Or force your Feet to tread the Artful round,
For Oh! the Circle is with mischiefs Crown'd.
Soft Glances, wanton motion of the Arms
And Amorous gestures bear resistless Charms,
If Gently you but press your Partner's hand,
The Spirits swell almost beyond Command;
But when your Arms her Slender waist embrace,
And your warm Lips print Kisses on her Face,
Love spreads his Fires around your Breast apace.
An active heat invades the Labr'ing frame,
And every trembling Fibre feels the Flame.

34 *The Remedy of Love.*

As when the Sun smiles on the Teeming Earth,
And with prolifick warmth gives Nature Birth;
It kindlesevery Plant, and Fragrant Flower,
That lay Benum'd with Winter'schilling Power;
So Dancing stirs the Seeds of Love that lay
Slumb'ring and quiet in our cooler Clay,
Till its Bright rising Flames force to our hearts
(the way.



Cho-

Chocolate-House.

NEver Frequent *Hippolito's* or *Whites*,
Where amorous *Heroes* faunter out their
(Nights,
Where, in its height, Effeminate Softness Reigns }
And spreads it's Poyson o're the Youthful Veins, }
Stamping Love's Image on the giddy Brains. }
So much these Mansions for Intrigues are fam'd,
That *Cupid's* Office they may well be Nam'd.
Hither rampant Dames, fed with Luxurious fare,
In Coaches mask'd, to seek Gallants repair.
Here *Billet-deux* are lodg'd, appointments made,
And Sparks each Night drive on the fulsome
(Trade
In wanton Talk their thought-less hours they
(spend,
And the nice Beautys of the Town commend.
F 2 Each

Each strives in Flatt'ring Words to praise *Her* most,

Whom he has chosen for his nightly Toast.

So Bright they make their darling Charmers shine,

You'd think they were not Mortal, but Divine.

Such Commendations form'd with moving Art,

Wound, by Imagination's force, the Heart.

And tho' you never View their killing Air,

You'll fall a Victim to the fancy'd Fair.

Musick.

MUSIC K.

IF Airs could once th'infernal Powers charm,

And flinty *Proserpine* with Pity warm:

If round the Bard, Beasts, Woods and Stones would
(throng,

Drawn by the Magick of a Tuneful Song:

No wonder Musick should attractive prove,

And in the hearers Amorous passions move,

For Harmony is styl'd, the food of Love.

Musick but serves to heighten our Desire,

As furious Winds assist a rousing Fire.

Musick has power to raise the Soul so high,

Till it expires with pleasing Extasie.

The Trumpet's clangour breathing Martial
(sounds,

The Warrior's bosom with fresh Courage wounds

And at the Noise the foaming Steed rebounds.

Soft

8 *The Remedy of Love.*

Soft warbling Flutes, fill'd with melodious Breath,
To Amorous minds, convey Transporting Death.

Stand not attentive to a singing fair,

For Love then enters at the Eyes and Ear.*

In melting Notes when tuneful T—r sings,

Cupid forgets the labour of his Wings,

And round her Lips with eager Pleasure clings.

Forbear to listen to her wond'rous Song,

For smiling Ruin dwells upon her Tongue ;

In vain from her fair Eyes you trembling fly,

If she but strikes you with her Notes, you die,

Shot to the Soul with grateful Harmony.

Poetry.

P O E T R Y.

Here, like a Pilot, knowing well the Coast
On which his Freightèd Vessel once was
(lost,
With friendly caution, I advise you, shun
The Rock on which most Youths still headlong
(run.
Perhaps you think the *Muse's* heavenly Art,
Will recommend you to the Lady's heart.
Fond of that thought, in Verse you Court your
(Saint,
And in soft Measures all your sufferings Paint ;
Which only serve t' increase your raging Flame,
But want the power to melt the cruel Dame.
There was a time when Numbers were admir'd,
And tuneful strains consenting Maids inspir'd :

But

But now alas ! Harmonious lays prove vain,
 The Virgins Laugh when you in Verse complain
 From shining Dirt their Passions only rise,
 Neglected at their Feet the Poet lies,
 Whil'st every gilded Fool is Charming in their
 (Eyes.

Of all the Studies that improve Mankind,
 Do not to Poetry incline your Mind.

But if Poëtic influence rul'd the Sky
 When you was Born, by Love you'r doom'd to die.
 Verse, flowing Verse, inspires the Soul with flame,
 And on its Wings supports the Lovers Name.

He that's a Poet is to Love no Foe,
 For Love and Poetry in one Channel flow,
 And, as the *Oak* and *Ivy* join'd, together grow.
 Read not the Labours of the Tuneful Nine,
 Where sprightly turns, and moving passions shine;

How

The Remedy of Love.

41

How Luscious Poems you repeat, beware

And let your Eyes *Romantic* tales forbear,

With soft Epistles written to the Fair.

}

Oh! there's a wond'rous Charm in Artful sounds,

And, when with Ardour read, it Sweetly wounds.

G

Soli-

The Remedy of Love.

43

In Solitude the Fiend still Rages most,

Whilst in a crowd its fiercest Fury's lost.

To anxious Love the night seems worse than day, &

Whose Brightness drives Distracted thoughts
(away

Which on the Brain in Slumb'ring hours prey.

Shut not your doors, nor fly your Neighbour's fight

Nor hide your weeping Face in gloomy Night:

With chearful Friends beſure you hold diſcourſe,

For there is lodg'd in Friendship wond'rous force

To calm the Tumults of a stormy Breast,

And give a Love-sick mind the joys of Rest.

G 2

Con-

The Remedy of Love.

Conversation of Lovers.

WHere fighting Lovers meet, avoid the
(room,
Left Love his wonted power should Re-assume,
And your cold Breast once more his Throne be-
(come.

A scalded Pate is quickly broke agen,
And you by seeing may renew your pain.
As the small Pox, with its Contagious breath
To Neighbouring regions, Wafts unerring Death.
So Love's bright efflux from another's Soul,
Yours to inflame, will often subtly roul,
If upon Squinting Eyes, you fix your view,
You'r apt to frame your sight to look askew.
One sickly Beast makes the whole Herd unsound,
And many things by bare Transition wound.

The

The Remedy of Love. 45

The dry't Furrows sometimes Wat'ry grow,
From Neighb'ring Rivers that their Banks o're-
(flow.

'Tis hard to shield from Fire our threaten'd home,
When curling Flames surround th' adjacent Dome.
Love's hidden warmth your Bosom will pursue.
If you retreat not from th' infected Crew.

Par-

Particular Places.

SOME Places, more than others, noxious prove,
 Being conscious to the Stolen hours of Love.
 Forbear the Place, where once the Fair was kind,
 And with endearing Arts bewitch'd your mind.

Revolve not in your mind each Rapturous night,
 Which Crown'd your Transports with the soft
 (delight.

Forget the moment when you saw her Charms,
 Sparkling with Lustre in your Trembling Arms.

For Love will at the fond Remembrance rise,
 And force a Passage through your glowing Eyes.

As, when on Ashes sparks of Sulphur light,
 The Lifeless Atoms will agen look Bright ;

So if kind thoughts of Raptures past, return,

Th' extinguish'd Fires will mount, and Fiercly
 (Burn.
 Some

The Remedy of Love.

47

Some Taverns shun, the *Dog*, the *Fleece*, the *Rose*,

Where plying Masks each night attack the *Beaus*.

Upon the Stairs, in order rang'd, they stand,

Ready and willing at your least command,

Who can help gath'ring Fruit, when the boughs
(court the Hand.

When Food is for the longing Taft prepar'd

And set before us, not to Eat is hard.

Those Stroling Punks with a gay outside Charm,

When sprightly Wines the loosen'd Spirits warm,

And from his Calm Repose the wanton God,
(alarm.

Kiss-

KISSING.

THo' custom grants the Ceremonious blifs
Of taking from the Ladies lips a Kifs.
Let your averfion to Salutes be fuch,
As ne're to Prefs them with the Gentleft Touch.
Hunger arifes at the taft of Food,
And we grow Thirfty at the Cryftal Flood ;
So Kiffing Fires with Love the youthful Blood.
When e're you Gently Crufh the Rosie fpace,
The Mantling torrent Flufhes in your Face.
A tingling Joy invades the Trembling heart,
And every Nerve beats with the grateful Smart.

Tears.

T E A R S.

FLy from the Beautys of a mournful Form,
For Ladiesdrest in sorrow always Charm.

Trust not a Woman that in grief appears,
She's Learn'd in sighs, and Eloquent in tears,
Falsar than those that *Nile's* fell Monster wears.
By melting Tears their Lovers hearts they gain,
As Flints dissolve, by Eating drops of Rain.
Sooner they Conquer, by such softning Wiles,
Than by the Sun-shine of their Gayest smiles.

H

Oppo-

O P P O S I T I O N.

Now, having shown the source whence Love
(proceeds,
And the soft Fuel, that this Passion feeds.

My *Muse* prepares, to sing the means to heal
The raging Pains, that fighting Lovers feel,
Use your endeavours to repel the Flame,
When the first warmth invades the youthful Frame.
Restrain its Vigour, while the Passion's young,
Even so a Courser with a strength less Strong
Is easier stopt, when his swift heels prepare,
To win the Race, than in a full Carreer.

Delays are Poyson, and still hurtful prove,
And gathering as they roul, add strength to Love.
Revolving time swells Grapes with kindly juice,
And makes green Blades bright-yellow Corn pro-
(duce.
The

The Remedy of Love.

51

The lofty'st Tree whose Branches spreading wide,
From fainting heat can the scorch'd Traveller hide;
First from a slender Fibrous twig arose,

The weakest hands were once its powerful Foes. }
Now in the Earth immoveable it grows. (heat,

With prudent Fore-sight look whence Springs your
That from approaching harm you may Retreat.

Oppose Love's first efforts; we oft prepare

Relieving Med'cines with a Fruitless care, }

When the Diseases are advanced too far.

Urge the work home, nor hearken to delay,

He that's unable to perform to Day }

To Morrow will be more, his power will wear
(away.

Love acquires Vigour from soft words and Rest,

So the next Moment for revenge is best :

Few Rivers from capacious Fountains flow,

But many from joint Streams vast Torrents grow.

52 *The Remedy of Love.*

Oft have we feen, for want of timely care,

The flighteft wound a Fatal Gangreen wear.

We footh our Paffions, there lies all our blame, }

Thinking to Morrow will our hearts reclaim, }

To Morrow comes, but Oh! wee'r ftill the fame.

Mean while around our Bowels spreads the Fire,

And lurking unobserv'd, mounts hourly higher.

By

BY DEGREES.

BUt should your first endeavours fail to cure
The stubborn Passions of a fierce Amour,
Let not your Courage sink to black despair,
Believing the Distemper past our care.
Tis greater skill to heal an Ancient wound,
Than when at first the part became unsound.
I, who but now instructed you to Tame,
By stern resistance, the new-rising Flame ;
No more of Force or Opposition Preach,
But Mildness praise, and gentler methods Teach.
Whether the Love that stings your Breast be young,
Or else by time grown Vigourously strong;
Stop not the Rage of its impetuous course,
For the first shock sustains the greatest force.

Give

54 *The Remedy of Love.*

Give it but Leisure to exhaust its Fires,

Calm as the Taper's blaze it soon expires,

Whilst opposition heightens our desires.

So furious Winds let loose to Vex the Plain,

On humble Shrubs exert their rage in vain;

But if some Lofty Woods their strength oppose,

The Tempest Roars, and the Storm louder grows;

The rooted Oaks from their Foundations torn,

Are upwards to the Skys with Fury born.

That Marriner as Mad we should esteem,

Who with audacious Arms would Plow the
(Stream,

If he an easier way the Flood could stem.

A stormy Mind untractably severe,

Will not a Violent admonition bear,

Defer it till he seems inclinable to hear.

And when his Reason holds the Peaceful Reign,

Your wholesome Counsel may admittance gain.

He's

The Remedy of Love. 55

He's mad that bids a Mourning Matron spare
To Crown her Darling's Funeral with a tear ;
Amidst the height of such a Solemn grief,
It looks unseasonable to bring relief,
But when the Storm is by soft showers allay'd
With comfort then she's easily essay'd.
On Med'cines timely given, success attends,
And Wine in Favours drank, in ruin ends.
The Vices we would damp, we oft inflame,
By missing of the Crisis when to tame.
But when your Mind is willing to be freed
From the Curst Pains that make your quiet Bleed,
Observe these methods, form'd by Natural skill,
So shall you Vanquish Loves internal ill.

Employ-

EMPLOYMENT.

W Aft not the fleeting hours in wanton ease,
 Which proves indulgent to the soft
 (disease;
 The vacant spaces of your time employ
 In manly toils, which *Cupid's* powers destroy,
 Action the surest Charm against the potent Boy.
 The cunning *Archer* shuns that Mortal's breast,
 Which is by sprightly ardour still possess'd;
 But, with his subtle Meretricious Arts,
 Secretly slides into unactive hearts.
 Strait to the Swain on gladfom wings he flies,
 Who lives Supine, and drown'd in Pleasure lies.
 Love lights his Torches at a lazy Fire,
 And slothful Souls burn most with gay Desire;

Whilst

The Remedy of Love. 57

Whilst active Spirits, it's Blandishments disdain,
And will not wear the vile inglorious Chain.
That loy't'ring course of Life ne'er keep in view,
Which Men of Figure constantly pursue.
In Bed they Loll till Noon, as soon as drest,
To the *Blew-Posts*, or the nice *Rummer* hast.
Where dainty *Viands*, and *Burgundian* juyce,
Irregular Passions in the heart produce.
And when their Brains are warm'd with fumes of
(Wine,
Each stroling Face they meet, appears Divine;
All night they Game, when the Morn dawns, un-
(dress,
And thus compleat the round of Idleness.
When ever sleep it's downy Chain unties,
From the allurements of your Bed arise;
For while you lie, Stretch'd at your ease and
(warm,
A crow'd of wishful thoughts around you swarm,
Which, join'd to wanton dreams, the Fancy harm.

58 *The Remedy of Love.*

As fenny Soils delight the sounding Reed,
And Poplars best in lucid Streams succeed,
So Love thrives most where wantonness abounds,
And languid Idleness the bosom Crowns.
He that's not fond of such a shameful Guest,
By various ways may Chase it from his Breast.

S T-

S T U D Y.

With Resolution, and a Steady pace,
The Rugged Path that leads to Learning
Your Temper fix, and your loose thoughts apply, (trace;
To the deep secrets of *Philosophy*,
Before whose shining Beams the mist of Love }
(will fly ; }

So Ominous Birds, and Phantoms of the night.

At the approach of Morning take their Flight.

Aided by that, you may with ease oppose,

The Passions, and the Senses, still our Foes,

Which with the understanding hourly jarr,

And wage with Reason an eternal War.

Pursue the Study of the wrangling Hall,

Where Frontless *S—ne* and scoulding *D--el* Bawl.

The bulky Pandects of the Law explore,

And *Littleton* with daily Pains read o're.

60 *The Remedy of Love.*

The Barb'rous terms those crabbed Volumes bear,
Will wound with grating sounds young *Cupid's* Ear;
Struck with the noise he'll take his hasty Flight,
Nor ever dare to stand a second Fight.
But should the Law your gayer fancy cloy,
Let useful History your hours employ:
Where crimes of all Complexions you may find,
Bravely perform'd by vicious Womankind.
There, when a *Clytemnestra* you behold,
Bath'd in her Husbands Blood, in lewdness bold;
A *Messalina* reeking from the Stews,
And *Tullia* her Father's breathless Corps abuse;
With indignation you'll the Sex survey,
And by that Nobler fire drive Love away.

War.

62 *The Remedy of Love.*

A fair Occasion now demands your force,
To stop th' insulting *Gallic Tyrant's* course.
Around *Europa's* Plains with prosperous Arms
He spreads the Fury of his loud Alarms.
Or with the *Austrian* Hero now Advance,
To send usurping *Anjou* back to *France*;
Drive his Battalions through the Bloody Field,
Making at once the God and Monarch yield.
Victorious Laurel shall your brows adorn,
And Love and *Lewis* both your Valour mourn.
A double Triumph shall your conquest Crown,
Whilst Royal ANNA's pleas'd your Aid to own.

The

THE COUNTRY.

FAr from *Augusta's* stately Towers remove,
That Nursery of Wit and idle Love.

To some small Hamlet instantly retire

The scene of Innocence, and Chast desire,

Unfulli'd yet by *Cupids*, lustful Fire.

Where only swarthy Maids, and Sun-burnt Dames
Are daily seen, unskil'd in kindling Flames.

There you may calmly live, and doubtless find;
Various amusements to divert your mind.

Whose inoffensive Charms your Soul may please,
And keep your Bosom from the vile disease.

Oft, when the season of the year is come,

To wound with plow-shares the Earth's fertile
(Womb.

Then

Then Sow the grateful glebe that will return,
In plenteous crops, vast loads of Shining Corn.

Anon with gentle Arms to turn the Grass,
O're which the scorching Sun-beams fiercely pass;

Then calmly stretch'd beneath the new made hay }
Whose odorous sweets around perfumes convey }
In peaceful joys to waft the Burning day.

Then pluck the apples from the pregnant bough,
Which scarce sustains the weight that bends it low.

Hark! how the Rivers, gently Murm'ring, glide
O're shining Pebbles in their wanton pride.

Look! how the Goats the scraggy Mountains
(climb,

Whilst fleecy Flocks feed on the fragrant Thyme;

On Oaten Reeds the harmless Shepherd plays,
Soft Rural strains, and unaffected Lays.

The gaudy Beauties of the blooming Spring,

To charm your Eyes, a thousand Glories bring.

Those

The Remedy of Love.

65

Those Vernal hours will claim your Grafting care,

To make young Trees Adoptive branches bear

And foreign Fruit on Native stocks appear.

The waving Corn, when Harvest crownsthe Fields

With yellow Sheaves, a lovely prospect yields ;

When Wintry Frosts embrace the shivering
(Earth,

Bright chearful Fires will warm the glowing
(Hearth,

And humming Beer,raise high the Spirit of mirth.

Sometimes on fiery Coursers born, whose Speed

The swiftness of rhe rushing Winds exceed ;

With deep mouth'd Hounds to chase the timerous
(Deer,

Or o're the Plain to drive the trembling Hare ;

When once these pleasures entertaining prove,

You will not listen to seducing Love.

K

Thoughts

66 *The Remedy of Love.*

Thoughts of a Mistress ne'er will break his rest,

Whose harass'd Body is with toils oppress'd.

Serenely calm his Mid-night hours will roul,

Nor will intruding Love disturb his Soul.

A B.

A B S E N C E.

FLy from the sight of that Victorious Maid,
By whom your freedom was at first betray'd;
To some far distant *Northern* clime repair,
Where the cold influence of the bleaky Air
May damp your passion for the haughty Fair. }
For absence often does Successful prove,
To mitigate the rage of desperate Love.
At the dear Charmer's name perchance you'll weep,
Your tremb'ling Feet scarce on their Journey keep.
If you perceive a Loathing to be gone,
With greater eagerness still urge them on.
Should 'Thunder roar, and the Blew-lightning shine,
Or Storms beat hard, delay not your design.
Ask not how many Miles already's past,
But to the destin'd Goal with Vigour hast.

On *London* look not back with wishful Eyes,
Nor think time tedious, tho' it swiftly Flies.
To leave the Fair your fixt resolves maintain,
And o're your Love a *Partbian* Conquest gain.
Perhaps nice Sparks may call these Rules severe,
'Tis own'd ; nor will I e're deny they are.
Convulsive Strugglings, sure must seize his heart,
Who from his Charmer's sight is doom'd to part,
But to be cur'd who will not bear the Smart ?
Oft down our Throats we're forc'd to pour, in hast,
Restoring draughts, tho' Nauseous to the Tast;
To save our Bodies, we're compel'd to feel
The painful Tryal of the burning Steel,
And Drink's deny'd us tho' we flame like Hell.
No torture's so extream, but we'll endure,
When 'tis design'd t' effect a desperate Cure.

What

The Remedy of Love.

69

What Wretch would then refuse to bear the
(Pain?)

That waits on Absence, since it cools the Brain,
And purges Love from every boyling Vein.

The first Essays of Absence still appear,
To wound the Mind with Torments most
(Severe.

But when forgetfulness has heal'd the Smart,

With unconcern it sits upon the Heart.

Perhaps to leave your Native home you Mourn,

Yet you will go, tho' eager to return.

'Tis not the hopes of seeing that once more,

But the bright Eyes of Her whom you adore,

That from your hated exile Charms you o're.

If you return not Dead to soft desires,

Your breast will glow again with Amorous
(Fires.

Ab-

70 *The Remedy of Love.*

Absence design'd to cure will Noxious prove,

By giving Courage to rebellious Love.

The Beauteous Nymph from whose bright Charms
(you flew,

Will in your Bosom fiercer Flames renew.

R E S O L U T I O N.

Spite of her Charms your Resolution hold,
And, having gain'd a Conquest, still be bold.
Souls firmly bent, the force of Love despise,
For *Cupid* if Resisted, always Flys.

Re-

Reflections on the Sex.

S Hould your affairs oblige your stay so far,
That you in Town must every day appear,
And, tho' desirous, cannot shun the Fair.

The noblest method to revenge the Pain,
Is, without Groaning, to shake off your Chain.
But sure 'tis hard, without concern, to part,
And tear her Image from your bleeding Heart;
He that's so Brave's above the being defin'd,
Nor are my Rules for that Great Soul design'd,
But such as want the Power, yet are as well
(Inclin'd.

Oft make Reflections on the cunning Sex,
How many ways they strive Mankind to Vex.
One day they'r Sullen, Splenatic, and Sad,
The next they'r Merry, Frolicksome and Mad.

Bear

Bear in your mind their close intriguing wiles;
 Their Jilting humours, and deluding smiles,
 Their lofty looks, and mis-becoming scorn,
 Which on their Brows in Courting hours are
 (worn.

Who would be doom'd the servile pains to bear,
The awful distance, and observant Ear,
That still attend our Courtship to the humorous Fair
Better with dull Laborious hands go plow,
Than thus debase our selves, and stoop so low,
To waſt our youth in the damn'd fawning trade,
And be the jeſt of Madams waiting maid.
Fancy her lewd, tho' ſhe her hand denys,
And, with affected modeſty in her Eyes,
To every Queſtion baſhfull replies.

Your back once turn'd, the curst desembling Fair
Assumes the wildness usual to her Air,
Laughs out aloud, and turns to ridicule,
The fond addresses of her Amorous Fool.

The Remedy of Love. 73

Then Mask'd and Hooded, drives it in the dark,
To *White's*, the Play-house, or th' Intriguing Park
On Thund'ring Wheels to meet her favour'd Spark.

Suppose you View his Arms Embrace the Dame,
And her Eyes Sparkling with a humid Flame ;
Fancy the Hero in your Damsels Arms,
Whilst at a distance you admire her Charms.

The Black Idea, will not fail to move
Far from your Breast, all thoughts of Nuptial Love.
Some Choice Reflections cull from *Juvenal's* lines,
Where, in her Native Vileness, Woman shines.

With spiteful Joy revolve each bitter page,
Which with the Noble Fire of Satyr's Rage
Lashes the Beauties of the Roman Age.

But you perhaps will say, their Monst'rous Crimes
Are never practis'd in our Modern times ;
Therefore such dealing is not just, nor Fair,
The Dames of *Rome*, with *Albion's* to Compare.

74 *The Remedy of Love.*

In whose bright Composition oft are joyn'd,
The form of *Venus*, and *Diana's* Mind.

Mistaken Youth! all Women are the same,

Equally prone to all that blackens Fame,

Tho' some have more discretion to conceal their
(Shame.

No more let Fame of *Cleopatra* tell,

Egypt's fair Punk, or painted *Jezabel*.

Since *London* has Nymphs out shining these as far,

As the Sun's Light excells the smallest Star;

So early Lewd, it may almost be said,

That they were Born without a Maiden-head.

For tho' they seem cold, yet in their Bosoms dwell

Vesuvius, *Aetna*, and Mount *Mongibel*;

Nor are their Flames to Man alone confin'd

But wildly raging, seize on there own kind;

Their Passion rises now from Female Charms,

And Man they mimick in each other's Arms.

Yet

The Remedy of Love. 75

Yet here some Deeds of theirs remain untold,
Lest Nature at the tale should strait grow cold }
Too gross for Words, for Modest Ears too bold. }
Nay even on Vices Masculine, they Encroach,
And o're cold *Tea*, Obscene discourses Broach.
Could you but hear each Night, the fine Harangue.
They make in Private to their Female Gang,
When warm'd with *Ratafian* juyce, they Reel,
And in broad Tales strive which shall most excell.
The burning Blood into your Cheeks would Rush,
And *Betty Sands*, were she now Living, Blush.
Might we but Search some *Ladie's* Closets round, }
Perhaps the Shelves, and Tables might be found }
With Smutty Books and Brandy-bottles Crown'd. }
Nor are the Seeds of Vice in Age less Strong,
Than in the Bosom of the giddy Young ;
For shameless *Matrons*, with Indust'rious Pains,
Bawd for their *Daughters* now, and share the gains.

76 *The Remedy of Love.*

Harbour the worst of thoughts of Womankind,
 They'll cool the amorous Feavour of the Mind.
 Believe them Vain, Conceited, Mercenary, Proud,
 Ugly, Ill-natur'd, Lewd, Impertinent and Loud.
 Hence the distastful Seeds of hate will Rise,
 And the whole Sex seem odious in your Eyes.
 If to your Mistriss Nature has been kind,
 Be allways to her bright Perfections blind.
 If any faults should in her Frame appear,
 Be sure to mark them with the Nicest care.
 Should wond'rous Beautys grace her shining form,
 You must want Eyes to view each Lust'rous charm.
 If she's esteem'd a Celebrated Dame,
 Explode the Town, and their dull Fancy blame.
 Examine strictly every fault that lies,
 Obvious to sight, disrob'd of all disguise,
 And wittily contrive to cheat your Eyes.

if

The Remedy of Love.

77

If Plump, unwieldly let the Fair be thought,
If Brown, then Black, if Slender, Leanness is a fault.
If she's well-bred, think her a Flaunting minx,
If rude, her carriage of the Country stinks.
Beg her to show her Skill in that the most,
Of whose performance she the least can boast.
Press her to Sing, tho' she's a Voyce would scare,
The hooting Bird that rends the Mid-night Air.
If awkward and unskild in tripping Feet,
Often to dance the bashful Maid Intreat.
If unpolite her Language should appear,
Raife some discourse, that your attentive Ear
Her clownish dialect may often hear.
Tho' at each step she Shakes the trembling Floor,
Swear she treads light, and beg her walk it o're.
If swagging Breasts her Rising chest adorn,
Let no fine Steinker round her Neck be worn.
Has

Has she weak Eyes, or Teeth that stand awry,
 Relate some Tales to make her laugh or cry,
 That the defects more plainly may appear,
 When she prepares to Weep, and when to Sneer.
 If such harsh Methods are but well Improv'd,
 They'll raise your scorn of her, whom once you lov'd.

NO

ON MARRIAGE.

Observe the various Plagues that Crown his
Who Rashly ventures on that thing,
Doom'd to eternal Noise, and daily Strife.

Oh! what a length of Torments does he prove,
Only for one short Honey moon of Love ;
For all his hours besides are Cram'd with Cares
Heart-burning thoughts, deep Sighs, and restless
Slave to his Vassal, Rob'd of Liberty,
And only *Death*, can set his Sorrows free.

Could *Women* once be taught to be Sincere,
We then might chuse a Wife with prudent care,
But now in vain we use our utmost Arts,
To search the Bottom of their canker'd Hearts.

In whose dark Caverns still there brooding lies
A hoard of gay unnumber'd Vanities,

Which, during Court-ship, slyly they disguise.

But

81 *The Remedy of Love.*

But if Immoderate warmth inspires her Veins,
Then she, for want of Bridal rites complains,
And Vows no Man-hood in your bosom Reigns.
To Doctors-Commons, strait she bends her Course,
Where swearing you Impotent, obtains divorce.
Then being forc'd her portion to return,
Unpiti'd, and in Silence you may Mourn,
Your injur'd Fame, expos'd to publick scorn.
Thousands of Ills besides in Marriage dwell,
Too Black and Num'rous for my Muse to tell;
But these are enough to make you early Fly
From Love, the Road that leads to Misery.

M

A

A SINGLE LIFE.

THUS having View'd the Torments that
(attend

A Flame, that does in Nuptial Fetters end;

Now fix your Eyes upon a Single State,

On which a train of Heavenly comforts wait.

The Marri'd Life is but a Dismal Scene,

Stuck round with Thorns, instead of Chearful
(Green.

But this fair prospect must allure your Eyes,

Where such a throng of blended Beautys rise.

No loud Domestick jarrs, disturb his rest,

Who is with this Celestial station Blest

But Peace still Reigns the Goddess of his Breast.

No Anxious grief with eating Venome preys

Upon his Sleepless Nights and bitter Days;

But

The Remedy of Love. 83

But Springing Pleasures the soft hours adorn,
And his whole Life's one gay continu'd Morn.
Behold a Steer to Labour yet unbroke,
Whose youthful Neck ne're wore the galling Yoke,
How brisk he skips around the verdant Plains
And thro' the Meads with boundless freedom
(Reigns
Whilst the dull Oxe, Condem'd to drag the plow,
Beneath a daily weight is forced to bow.
These are just Emblems of each different state,
That teach you which to chuse, and which to
(hate;
Who would forsake a Walk, whose pleasant
(round,
With Fragrant Flowers, and Vernal sweets was
(Crown'd
For one where Thorns and Hemlock load the
(Ground;
Yet this is the case of him who for a Wife,
Quits the dear Pleasures of a Single-life.

Un.

84 *The Remedy of Love.*

Unless base Servitude has Charms to please

Your grov'ling Soul, indulge not Love's disease;

But with a warmth defend your Liberty,

And live, as Nature first design'd you, Free.

EX.

E X A M P L E

Since 'tis well known Examples will prevail,
When wholsom Precepts, and good Coun-
(sel fail,

This Mornful Story I from *Ovid* chose,

Which may your Mind to hate the Sex, dispose.

Jphis, a generous Youth, tho' low in Fame,

With Love beheld *Anaxerete's* Frame,

From *Teucer's* noble Race, the charmer came.

Through every Vein the subtle Poyson roul'd,

Thence Flames arose too fierce to be controul'd.

Long time with all his best Efforts he strove,

To stop the growth of his presumptuous Love ;

At length, when reason could not calm Despair,

With suppliant looks he went to Court the Fair.

In all the softness of a Lover's strain,

Trembling, he told the Nymph his wond'rous pain,
Sometimes

86 *The Remedy of Love.*

Sometimes he begs her Confidant, to plead
His mournful Cause, in hopes she might Succeed ;
Sometimes with piteous words allures a Friend,
Upon whose Faith he firmly could depend,
To be his advocate, and beg the Fair
To prove Indulgent to his ardent Prayer.

Expressive Lines, writ with the softest Art,
Declare the suff'rings of his Bleeding Heart;
With amorous chaplets he her Doors adorn'd,
Distain'd with Tears, which his fond passion
(Mourn'd.

His tender Limbs, whole Nights the threshold
 (preſt,
 Expos'd to Winds and Rain, his anxious Breſt
 Grew unacquainted with the joys of Reſt.

She Raging worse than the tempestuous Main
When foaming Waves Swell high its watry plain,
Converts

Converts her Beauty to severest Frowns,
Which on his Bosom fix much deeper wounds.
The haughty Maid, his generous warmth disdains,
And, with insulting speeches, mocks his pains.
Iphis, whose Love-sick Soul was hourly torn
With passion grown too mighty to be born,
Disdain'd to Languish long beneath her scorn.
Wrought up to Madness, thus he silence broke;
And at her Door, these piercing accents spoke.
Farewell *Anaxerete* cruel Maid!
No more shall you my flighted Flame upbraid,
No more my Passion shall your Ears offend,
Since with my Life, my fond complainings end;
Wanton in Smiles, sing *Io pean* now,
And let Victorious Laurels bind your brow.
'Ore a torn Heart in Sportive Triumph Ride,
That falls a Martyr to your Female Pride;

Yes

The Remedy of Love.

Yes, I will die, embrace the peaceful Grave,
Proud of being call'd your Barb'rous Beautys Slave?
Thus dying, to the World my Fate shall prove
That, in some measure, I deserv'd your Love;
Even your inhuman, and relentless Soul,
Spite of its' scorn, shall with Compassion rouse;
Nor shall my Death be told by babbling Fame,
But your own Cruel Eyes shall view the same,
To glut your Vengeance on my breathless Frame.
O Love Supreme! if thy Immortal care,
Respects the Actions of our lower Sphere,
Grant that Succeeding times may read my name,
And what I want in Life, make up in Fame.
Then towards the post with Garlands often
(Crown'd,
He lifts his Arms and Eyes, in sorrow drown'd.
High on the Top the fatal Cord he ty'd,
This sure will satisfy her Flinty Pride:

Thus

The Remedy of Love. 89

Thus saying, with all his weight he forwards Sprung
And on the door, the struggling Burden hung.
Struck with the sounding Force, it open flew,
Presenting the sad Spectacle to view.

With horror seiz'd, the Servants shriek'd aloud,
And in confusion round the body Croud.

Not all their Arts could vital heat restore,
Back to his Mother the dead Corps they bore;
She beats her aged Breast, and rends her hair,
In all the agony of Wild despair;

Her feeble Arms his pallid Limbs embrace,
Then washes o're with pious Tears his Face,
And on his Cheeks spreads fruitless warmth
apace.

But now the hour of Burial being come,
In pomp they bear him to his silent Tomb:
Near to that street through which the Funeral came,
Anaxerete dwelt; that scornful Dame. ;

The

90 *The Remedy of Love.*

The hideous yellings, and distracted crys,
With terrour did th' astonisht Maid Surprise,
Yet with a Smile, that Seem'd to speak delight,
Wee'll view (cry'd she) this mighty shocking sight;
Scarce had her Eyes beheld the fatal bier,
But their extended Balls grew stiff with fear;
The life's warm stream her azure veins forsook,
And her whole Frame a Flinty hardness took,
To stir her head and feet she strove in vain,
Fixt in one settled Posture both remain,
Transform'd to stone, the just reward of her
Disdain. }

Here you have seen a wretched Youth betray'd
To shameful Death, by a relentless Maid,
Let his Misfortunes learn you to beware
How you address a haughty charming Fair.
For tho' the story's feign'd, on this depend,
Millions of Lovers thus their days would end,

If

If cruel Beauty, that delights to kill,
Had but a Power extensive as its Will.

DISSIMULATION.

Like women Counterfeit, when most you burn
Mad for their Charms, yet seem to flight
(their Scorn.

Should your scorch'd heart glow with *Ætnean* flame,
Look cold as *Alpine* rain before the Dame,
Should your sad Soul be torn with anxious cares,
And your swollen Eyes be like to burst with Tears:
Let not their Streams before your Mistress flow,
But all the marks of cold Indifference show.

This then she Triumphs with a Barbarous pride,
When down your Cheeks the mournful Torrents
(glide.

92 *The Remedy of Love.*

Let your gay looks conceal your inward pain,
Nor of your restless Nights to her complain,
But with a feigned Laugh despise her fierce dis-
(dain.

When e're you meet the haughty frowning Fair,
Sing, or take Snuff, with a regardless Air.
Oft when we close our Eyes, dissembling sleep,
Substantial slumbers o're our Temples creep ;
So counterfeiting Scorn, when prest with Love,
May real Passion from the Heart remove.

Love thrives by use, by use 'tis crush'd again,
He that has once well learnt the Art to feign,
May bid defiance to the Amorous pain.

Va-

Variety of Mistresses.

You that are bent the force of Love to tame,
Make two at once the Rivals of your flame;

For even the strongest Passion, when it flows

In double currents, still the weaker grows.

The fiercest Blaze is easily subdu'd,

When the bright Flame is Choak'd with loads of
(Wood.

A new Amour a stale Intrigue destroys,

And fated Love must yield to fresher joys.

As Poysons conquer Poysons, so one Flame
Expells another from the Love-sick Frame.

Fond of *Oenone*, *Paris* still had been,

Had not his Eyes the Beauteous *Helen* seen,

Atrides, doom'd by wrathful Heaven to part,

And tear *Cruseis* is from his Bleeding heart ;

Made

94 *The Remedy of Love.*

Made Fair *Bryseis* fill the vacant space,
And, in the Raptures of one soft embrace,
Bury'd the Memory of her once Lov'd face.
These shining precedents from History prove,
That change of Mistresses will weaken Love.

Food

Food and Wine.

THat I may well perform in every part,
The wholsom function of *Machaon's* Art;
Here I design Physitian-like to treat
Of what you ought to Drink, and what to Eat,
Since all Distempers rise and fall by Meat.
High Sawces, Soups, avoid ; provoking Food,
That cause impetuous boundings in the Blood ;
Jellys, Eringoes, Chocolate, forbear,
With the long Bill of more Luxurious fare,
Feed on cool Herbs, that keep the Body spare.
Wines, moderately drank, Injurious prove,
But large incessant Draughts, disable Love.
So gentle Rain revives the Sun-scorcht Flowers,
But if th' unfriendly Sky too fiercely pours,
'They'r crusht beneath the weight of stormy
(Showers.
E N.

ENJOYMENT.

Should all these *Recipes* Successless prove,
 Fruition is the certain cure of Love.
 Suppose the *Lady* should consent at last,
 To make amends for all your suff'rings past,
 Fond of the grant, and eager for her Charms,
 You clasp her Beauty in your trembling Arms;
 Extatic joys at first your Soul surprise,
 And speechless raptures play around your Eyes.
 But when a Calm succeeds, and Love retires,
 Pal'd, and disarm'd of all its Vigorous Fires;
 Expose her Glories naked to the day,
 Whose searching Beams will numerous faults betray;
 And by a sight of what her Cloaths Conceal,
 The furious Motions of your Passion quell.
 Then ask your reason, if that Moments bliss
 Empty, and vain as a saluting Kiss,

The Remedy of Love. 97

Be worth those tedious hours of curst fatigue,
That you Employ to compass an intrigue.

Soon as the Feav'rish fit forsakes your veins,
And the cold Ague of Indiff'rence reigns,

Could you behold your own desponding look
In some fair Glass, or a reflecting Brook,

How o're your Face a conscious Shame is spread,
Still to be vanquish'd in the am'rous deed,

Whilst your fair Charmer yet unconquer'd lies,
And silently upbraides you with her Eyes.

The sensual joy henceforward you'd forswear,
In which even Brutes may claim an equal share;

Abstracted Pleasures would your mind engage,
Far nobler than fruition's Goatish rage.

Yet 'tis the end at which our wishes aim,

The nauseous Object of the brightest Flame,

Our passion eas'd, we loath the finest Dame.

98 *The Remedy of Love.*

For this we Court with fawning smiles the Fair,

Sigh, Ogle, Die, look Haggard, and despair.

Why are our moments worn in Sighs and Tears?

Why beats the trembling Heart with hopes and
fears?

The hopes of gaining, and the fears to loose

The homly blifs, which none but Brutes should
chuse,

Are what distract the order of the Soul,

And make our frantick passions wildly roul.

Who would thus wretchedly his hours employ, }

To reap the loathsom momentary joy, }

Whose dull possession does the Spirits Cloy. }

'Tis' Prudence fure to shield our Souls from Love,

Since only such vile means its cure can prove.

T H E

THE CLOSE.

THe Work is finisht; cast a gracious smile
Enamour'd Youths, to Crown my gen-
(erous toil.
Since I've endeavour'd to repell the harms
That may arise from scornful Beauty's Charms.
Vainly I teach an Art, who cannot heal
The bleeding Wounds that my own Spirits feel.
I own the force of Love, and Beauty's power,
Groaning beneath their Tyranny each hour.
Nine tedious years I've born Loves racking pain
Fixt in my breast its hopeless Fires remain,
And for *Pastora* still I burn in vain.
The glorious blaze dissolves my mortal Frame,
And melts down Life before th' impetuous flame
To others may these rules more happy prove
Then I have found them, to assuage their Love.

I Love to fiercely, with a zeal to great
 For Humane Aid to mitigate its heat;
 Only the damps of the cold Grave can cure
 The pains *Pastora* gives, and I endure.



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